

Daily Appeal.

MEMPHIS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 1859.

Largest Circulation in the City.

Reading Matter on Every Page.

The Official Journal of the City.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR.

J. H. G. BARRETT.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

The premium offered by the *Appeal* a few weeks since for the best poem on Spring, has been responded to by the fair ladies of Tennessee and Mississippi with some charm and decided enthusiasm.

The entries of several young girls of the classes of cultivated literary taste and severe discriminations, have selected the following elegies by Mrs. E. B. WARDEN, of this city:

as shown in the enclosed.

Farewell, Spring!

In a note to the editor, say:

We cannot refrain from congratulating the editors of the *Appeal* on the evidence of southern talents which their paper has elicited.

There are several other poems which we might be considered, and, in the usual course of events, will be applied to the security of their主人's throne.

It is shown, in the enclosed, in a note

to the editor, say:

We all hope we have the satisfaction to announce that the productions which we have received shall grace our poems, in proper order, in the *Appeal*. There is one, however, which is not creditable to the taste and taste of our southern countrymen, and some of which we are proud. In addition to the thirteen that were submitted to the committee, there were two or three more which we were unable to late to the editor before the time which we shall also take pleasure in giving to the public.The following is the *Praise Poem*, which we send with pride and pleasure, by our reader, as an evidence of that poetic talent which only needs a proper encouragement to culti-vate the sweet emanations of native genius:

The Memphis Appeal.

By Mrs. E. B. WARDEN.

Came spring with shadowing bower,

The green boughs of golden boughs,

and never failing hints of blooming boughs;

To plant our new fields, and up our hills,

Ages ago, native boughs of wild winds

To sweep the waves, washed by tempest wings

To keep the storm, scaling the mighty main;

When heavy forests have bound our hearts

Gathered to bind our wavy boughs,

With such robustness, such a bough,

With such robustness, such a bough,